

# More Animals



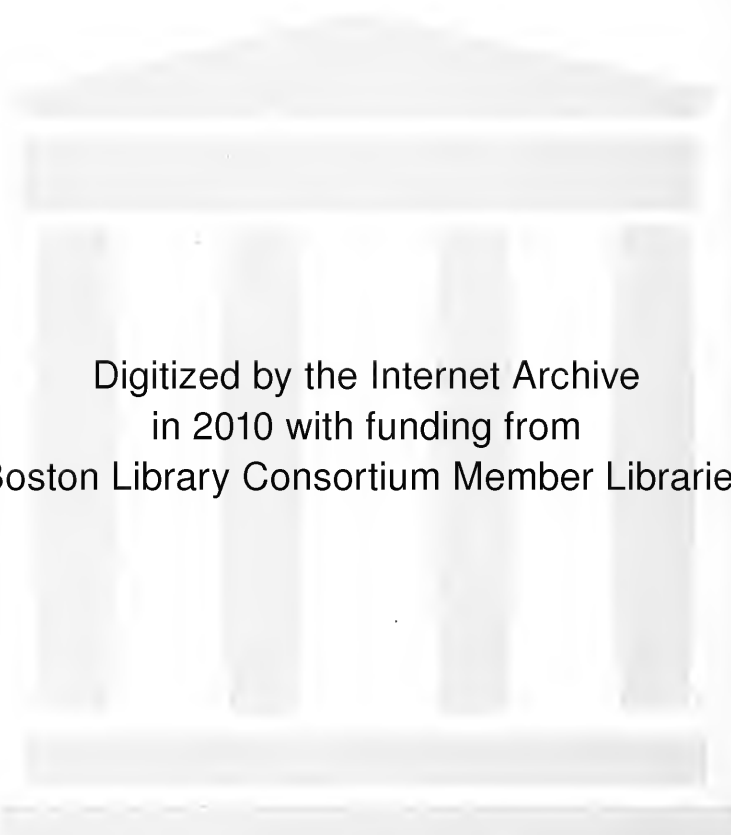
By Oliver Herford



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More Animals



# More Animals



BY OLIVER HERFORD

with Pictures by  
the Author

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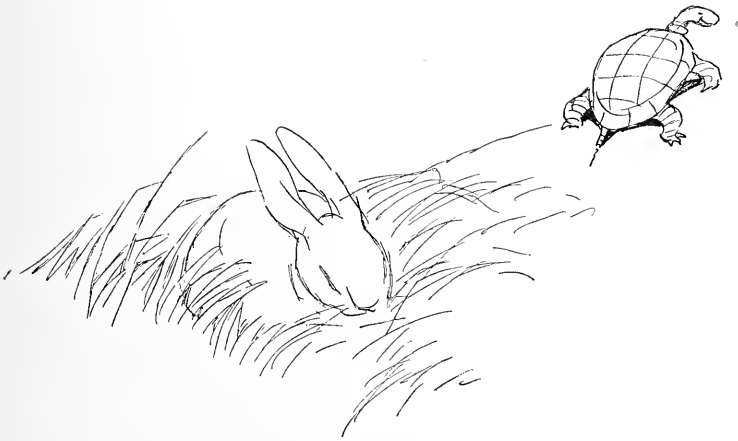
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# The Tortoise.



# The Tortoise.

THE Tortoise is, to say the Least,  
A very Contradictory Beast.

Though he may walk the wide world o'er  
He cannot step outside his Door.

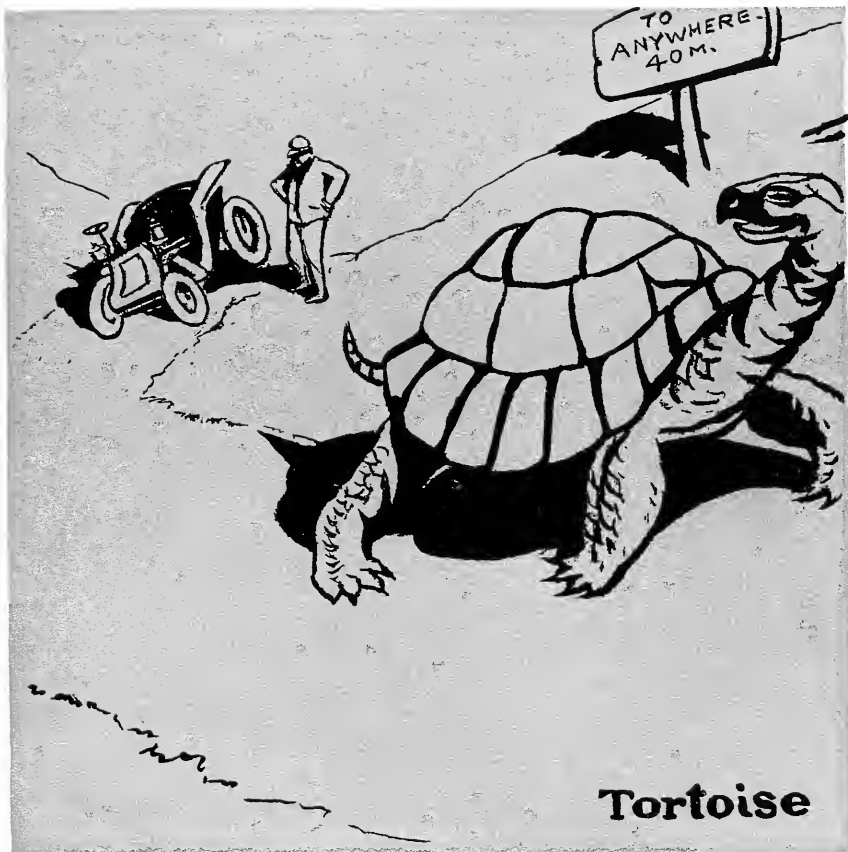
The Slowest Creature 'neath the Sun  
He's Noted for a Race he Won.

Ignoblest of Created Things

His Shield has Many Quarterings,

And Lastly, though Devoid of Hair

His Combs are Famous everywhere.



**Tortoise**



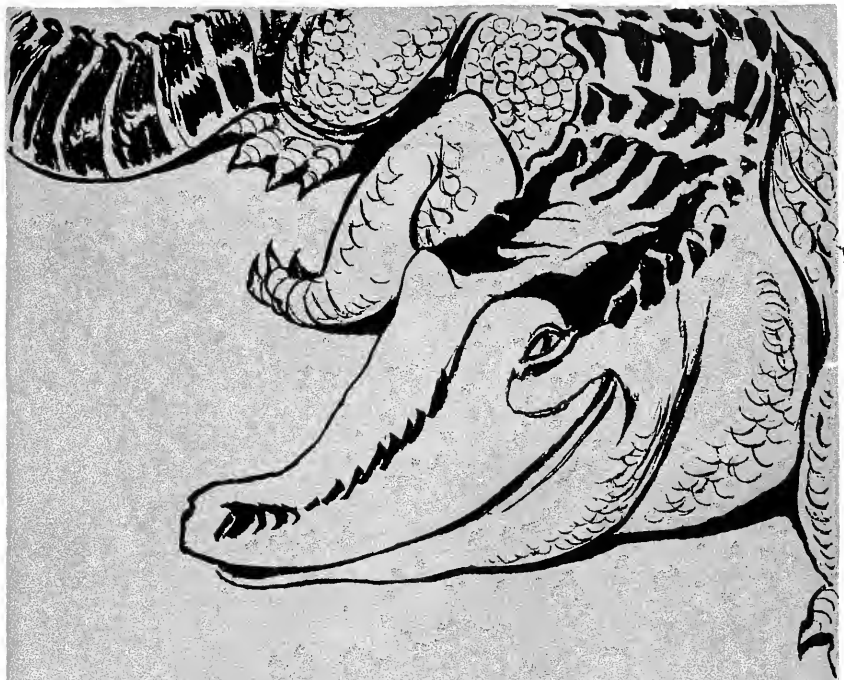
# The Crocodile.



# The Crocodile.

OH, shun the Crocodile, my Child ;  
He is not Tractable and Mild,  
Nor like the Dog, the Friend of Man.  
He's built upon a Different Plan,  
He is not Diffident or Shy,  
He will not shrink when you say "Fie!"  
And though he's said Sometimes to Cry,  
Be not Responsive to his Wail,  
Nor Pat him if he wag his Tail.  
This Picture's true to Every Line  
Except the Smile. (The Smile is mine.)





# The Crocodile



# The Tiger.



# The Tiger.

Now Comes the Tiger, Fierce and Bold,  
His Doublet slashed with Black and Gold.  
He loves to Roar and Rant and Rage  
Upon the Jungle's Tragic stage,  
Where he holds Undisputed Sway  
As Leading Villain of the Play,  
His Style is Real, and Intense;  
Yet though he Moves his Audience  
He is not Popular at all  
(He never had a Curtain Call).  
Whoever stays to see the End  
Will never more the Play attend;  
And when his acting goes Amiss,  
Only the Cobra dares to Hiss.



**A Tiger.**



# The Swan.



# The Swan.

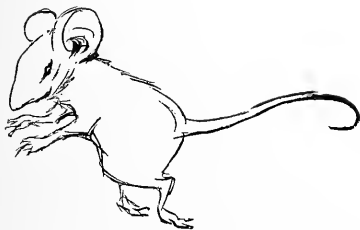
OH, see the Swan swim to and fro.  
They say the Swan is Dumb. Oh, no!  
It is Contraryness, a Crime  
Common to Singers of Our Time.  
She has a wondrous Vocal Gift,  
And yet she does not deign to lift  
Her Voice, lest Men should Criticise.  
She will not Sing, until she Dies,  
Nor will she then her Grave forsake  
As Opera Singers do, to take  
An Encore—and she makes but one  
“Farewell Appearance.”—When ’tis done  
She sings no more. Is not the Swan  
A Musical Phenomenon ?





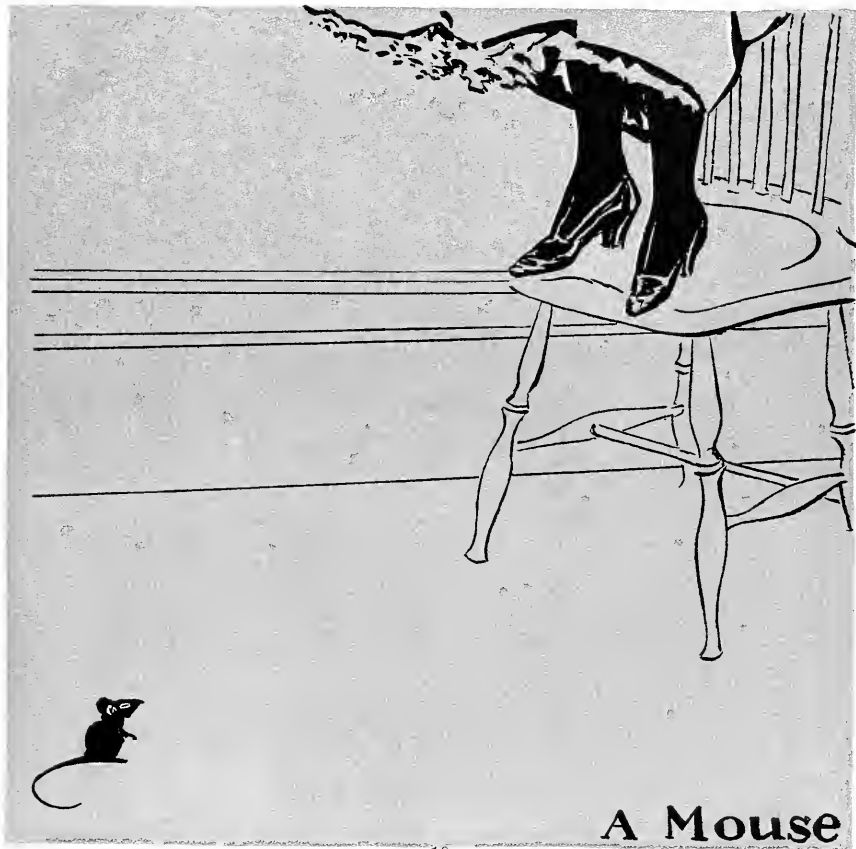


# The Mouse.



# The Mouse.

CONSIDER now the Humble Mouse.  
He is an Outlaw in the House.  
He makes his Hiding in the Wall  
And lives upon the Crumbs that fall.  
And yet, my Child, although we deem  
The Mouse a Pest, he stands Supreme,  
The Wonder of Creation's Plan,  
The only Subject known to Man  
Concerning which we're safe to find  
No Woman ever Changed her Mind.



**A Mouse**



# The Hen.



# The Hen.

ALAS ! my Child, where is the Pen  
That can do Justice to the Hen ?  
Like Royalty, She goes her way  
Laying Foundations every day  
Though not for Public Buildings, yet  
For Custard, Cake and Omelette.  
Or if too Old for such a use  
They have their Fling at some Abuse,  
As when to Censure Plays Unfit,  
Upon the Stage they make a Hit,  
Or at Elections Seal the Fate  
Of an Obnoxious Candidate.  
No wonder, Child, we prize the Hen  
Whose Egg is Mightier than the Pen.







# The Tapir.



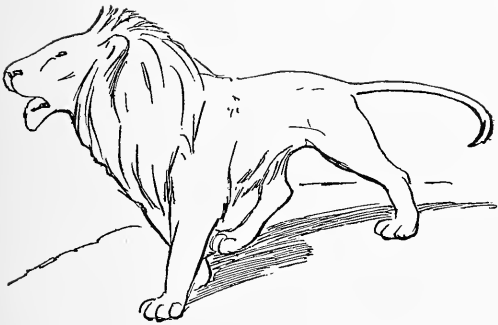
# The Tapir.

THE Tapir is a *Pachyderm*,  
To use a Scientific Term.  
But if you meet him, don't allude  
To such a word ; not that it's Rude,  
But, living in a Foreign Land,  
The Tapir would not understand,  
Having no Latin, and Less Greek,  
And might an awful vengeance wreak,  
Not dreaming " *Pachyderm* " implied  
His own Invulnerable Hide.  
Oh, *when* will Scientists see fit  
To moderate their Terms a bit !





# The Lion.



# The Lion.

THE Lion is, if anything,  
Even “more Royal than the King.”  
*His* Folks were Something in that Line,  
Ere man invented *Right Divine*.  
You wonder then how He can stoop  
To things like Jumping through a Hoop.  
Observe, my Child, He’s not alone,  
There is a Power Behind the Throne  
Who Curbs His will, and Moulds His Views,  
And makes Him mind His Ps and Qs.  
Then if He’s Good, she lets Him Take  
From Her sweet Lips a Piece of Cake.  
Ah, Child, it’s very plain to see,  
Kings are not what they used to be !







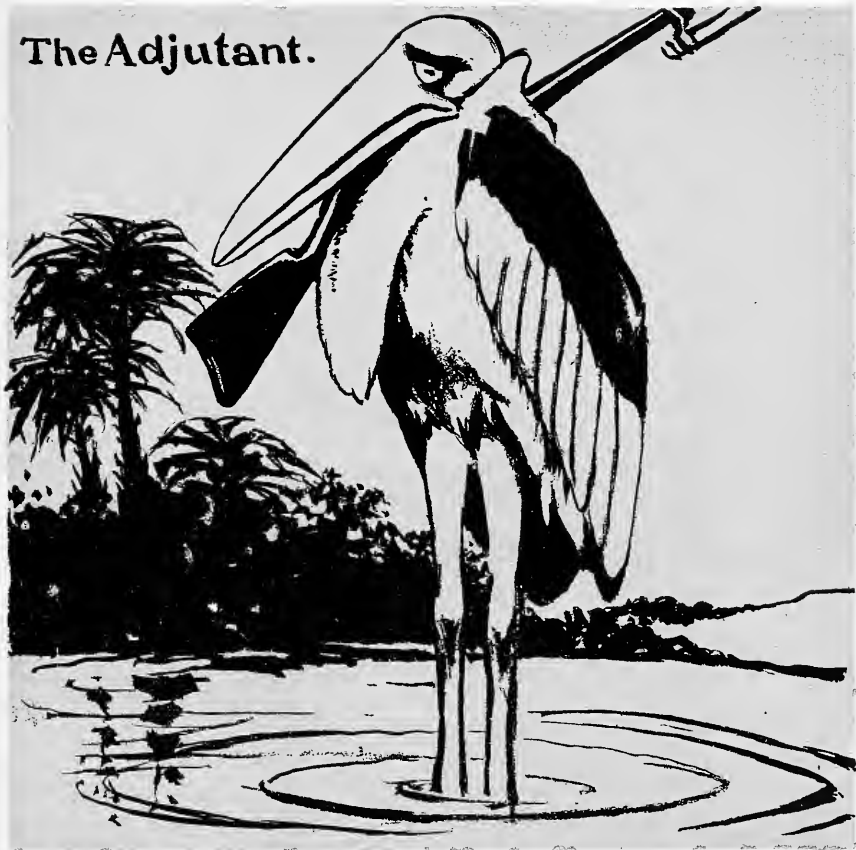
# The Adjutant.



# The Adjutant.

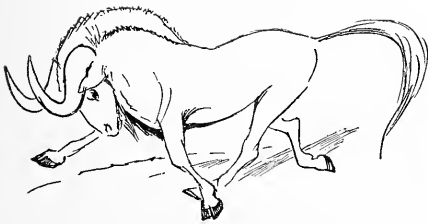
THE Adjutant, I may explain,  
Is a Gigantic sort of Crane.  
A Realist would dance with Rage  
To see him pictured on this Page  
Holding a gun, but though 'tis not  
Exactly true, it adds a lot ;  
And that is where the Art comes in.  
The Artist does not care a Pin  
Always to follow Nature's Groove.  
It is Art's Mission to Improve  
On Nature, just as I have done.  
But if you do not like the Gun,  
And Realistic Art prefer,  
Go then to a Photographer.

# The Adjutant.





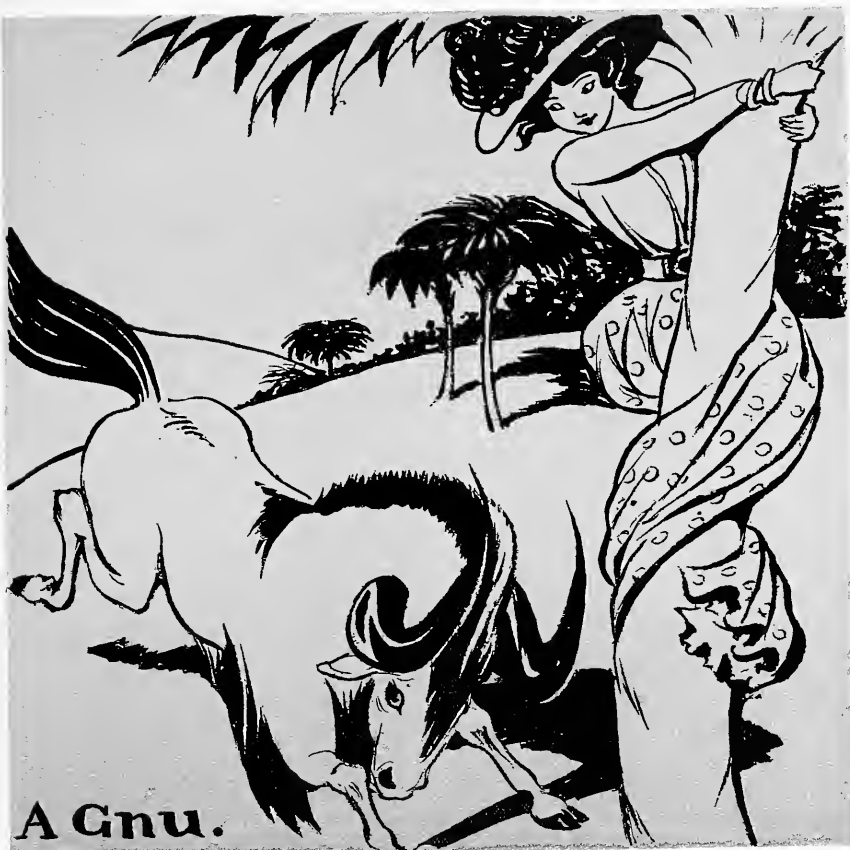
# The Gnu.



# The Gnu.

BEWARE, My Dear, if ever you  
Should chance to come across a Gnu !  
You may be Fair, and Tall, and Svelte,  
But do not hope the Gnu to melt. .  
You may be Gentle, Kind, and True,  
These Things mean nothing to the Gnu.  
You may love Beasts, both Great and Small,  
That won't affect the Gnu at all.  
You may be Generous, you may  
Subscribe to the S. P. C. A.,  
All this of no avail will be,  
The Only Thing's to Climb a Tree.  
And if there *is* no Tree to Climb,  
Don't say you were not warned in Time !

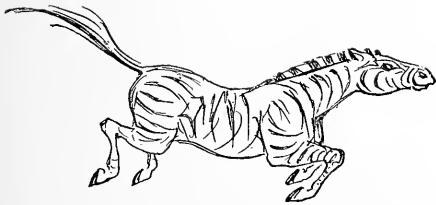




**A Gnu.**



# The Zebra.



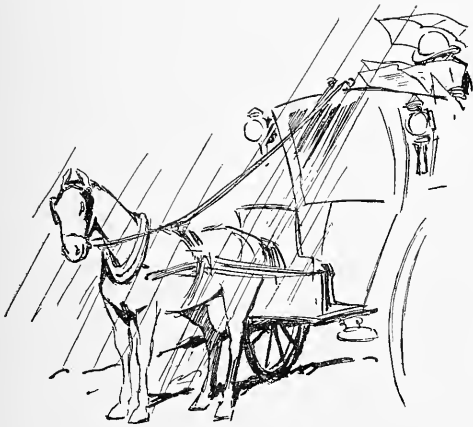
# The Zebra.

A STORY Teller of Some Note  
Before My Time, who also wrote  
Of Animals, tells of An Ass  
Who for a Lion tried to Pass.  
But though he wore a Lion's Skin,  
No one, of course, was Taken In.  
Even as Æsop's Ass, so fares  
The Zebra, for although he wears  
The Tiger's stripes, he does not gain  
The Tiger's strength, nor yet retain  
The Simple Virtues of the Ass.  
He Fails to Shine in either Class.  
A Plagiarist, who but Befools  
Himself, and falls between two Schools.





# The Horse.



# The Horse.

THIS noble Beast—

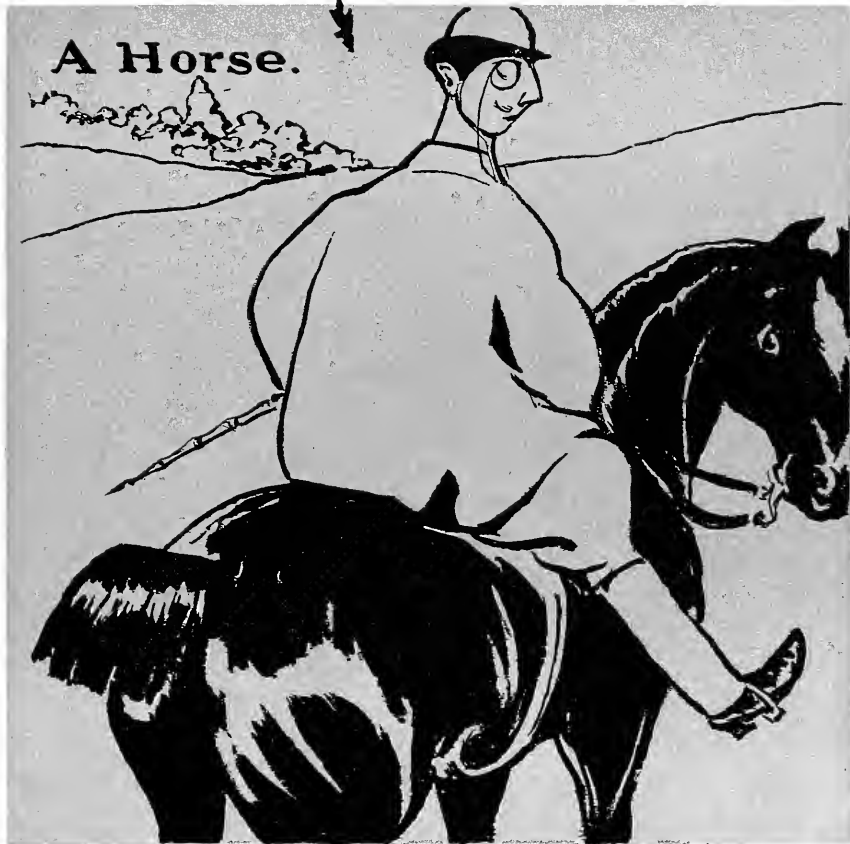
But, why discourse  
Upon the Virtues of the Horse?  
They are too numerous to tell  
Save when you have a Horse to Sell.  
No Beast has done so much as He  
To elevate Society.

How *could* Society Get On  
(Or off), my Child, if He were gone?  
We Owe him Much, yet who can say  
He ever asked us to Repay?

Ah, Child! How Bright the World would be,  
If Creditors were All as He.

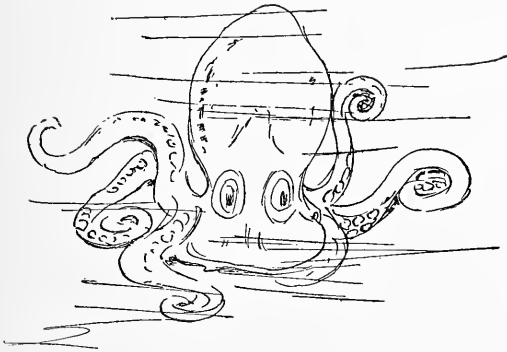


A Horse.



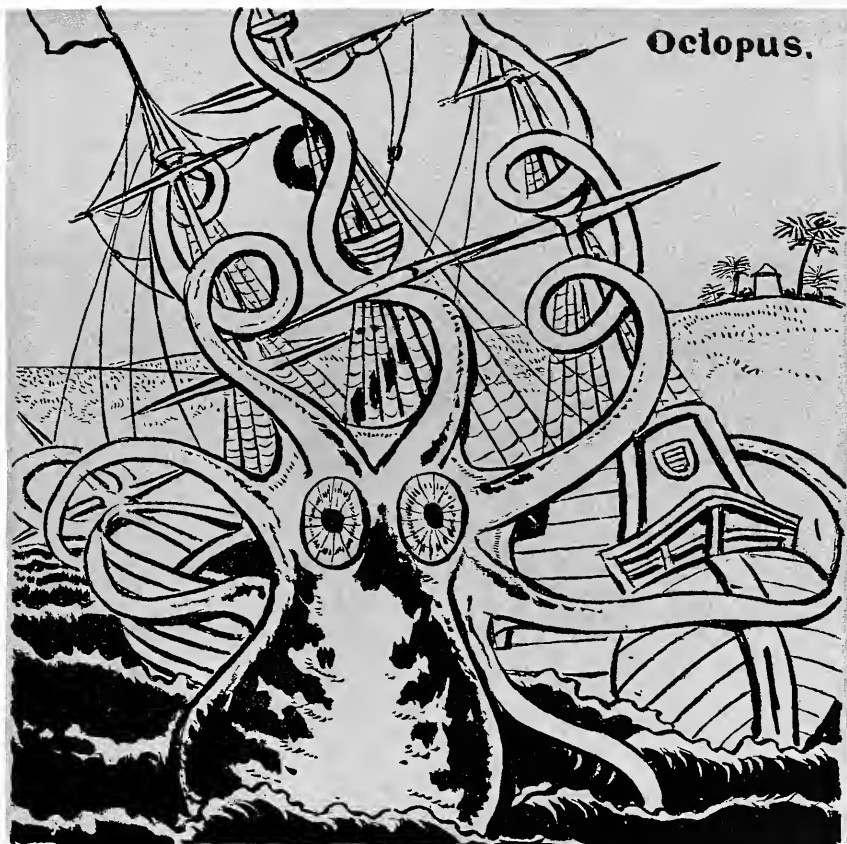


# The Octopus.



# The Octopus.

THE Devil fish, or Octopus,  
Has often been Held Up to us  
To typify the Greedy Lusts  
Of Grasping Syndicates and Trusts.  
This Picture ( from an Early Print)  
Gives us, if true, a Fearful Hint  
Of his Great Size, and throws some Light  
On his tremendous Appetite.  
But let us, Child, whate'er we do,  
Give the poor Devil fish his Due!  
The Picture, I forgot to say,  
Is Quite Untrue in every way.  
The Moral's Plain as Plain can be:  
Don't believe Everything you See.



Octopus.



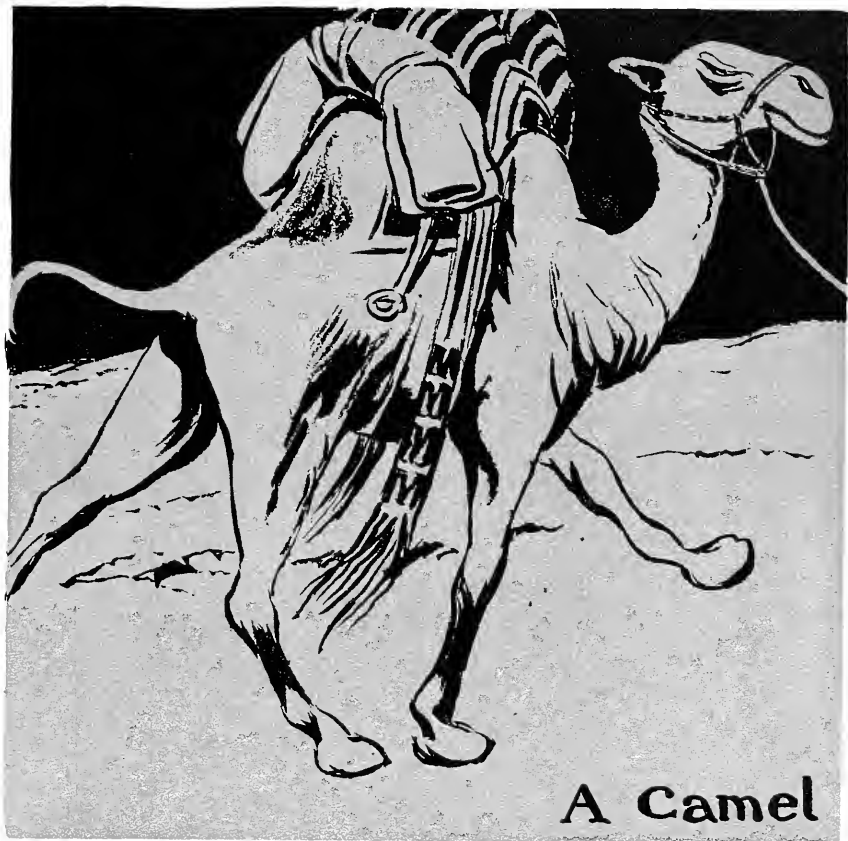
# The Camel.



# The Camel.

THE Camel may be likened to  
A Desert Ship. (This is not new.)  
He is a Dangerous-looking Craft,  
With Frowning Turrets, Fore and Aft.  
A Cargo of no little bulk  
He carries, too, on his great Hulk.  
We little realize on Earth  
How much we owe to his great Girth.  
For should he ever Shrink so Small  
As through the Needle's Eye to Crawl,  
Rich men might Climb the Golden Stairs  
And so leave Nothing to their Heirs.

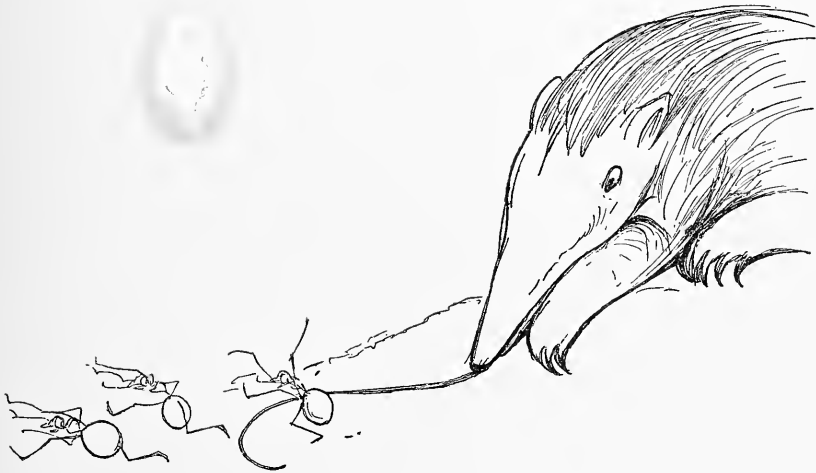




A Camel

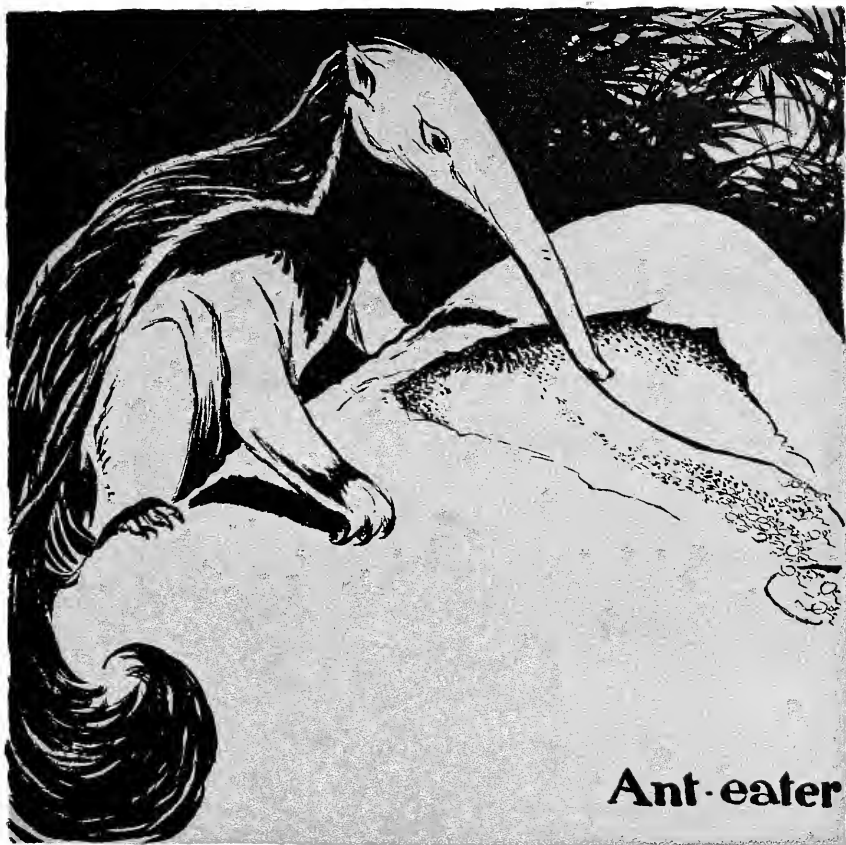


# The Ant Eater.



# The Ant Eater.

SOME to the Virtuous Ant may go  
To Learn Her ways. Alas! not so  
The Ant Eater, he Goes, indeed,  
But only on the Ant to Feed.  
Behold him, like Proverbial Swine,  
On Living Pearls of Wisdom dine!  
O, Virtuous Ant, whose Moral State  
In Childhood's Hour we learned to Hate,  
Whom Copybooks and Proverbs laud;  
Unless you are a Pious Fraud,  
In that Dark Moment when you glide  
Into the Ant Eater's Inside,  
The Thought some comfort may afford,  
That Virtue is its *Own* Reward.



**Ant-eater**



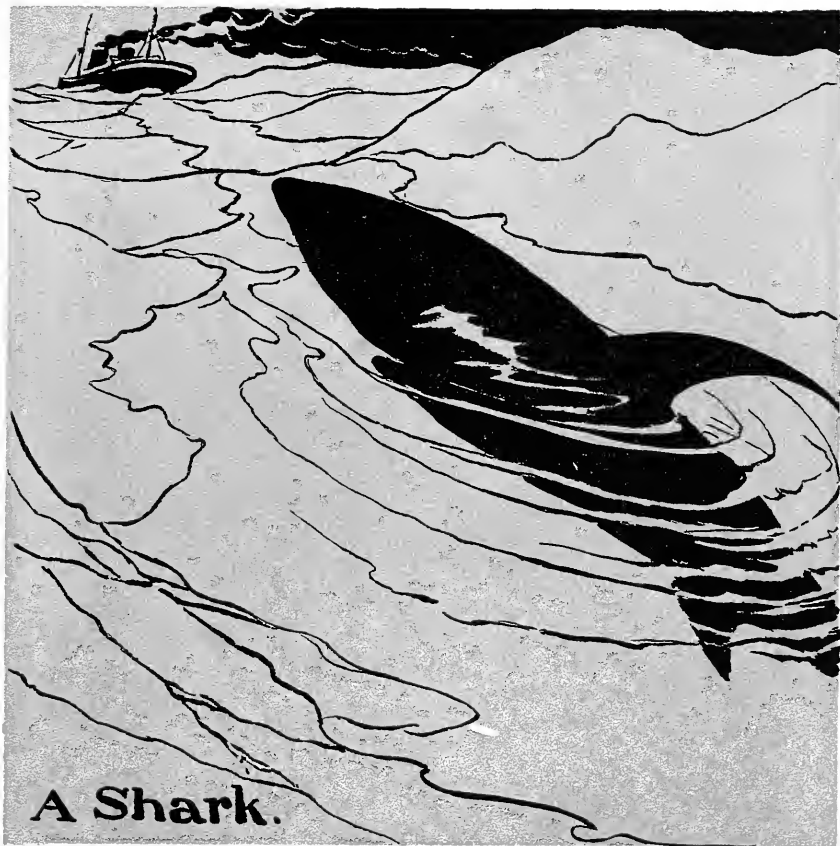
# The Shark.



# The Shark.

THIS is the Shark, my Child, I pray  
Do not Recoil or Turn Away ;  
'Tis true the Shark is not the Pink  
Of nice Propriety, but Think !  
Think of the Horrid Sailor Men  
He *has* to Swallow now and then,  
With all their Untold Yarns inside  
And all their Fearful Oaths beside !  
Put yourself in his place, my Child,  
Could *you* keep Spotless, Undeiled ?  
If only we could make the List  
Of those on whom He *should* subsist,  
No Home, I'll venture to Remark,  
Would be complete without a Shark.





**A Shark.**



# The Frog.



# The Frog.

BEHOLD the Frog, and then Contrast  
His Present with his Humble Past !  
Once but a Tadpole in a Pool,  
Now nature's gayly Painted Fool.  
So *Newly Rich* in Legs and Toes,  
He's sadly lacking in Repose,  
Yet He is never Impolite.  
He hops and jumps from sheer delight,  
And shows with each Gymnastic Spasm  
The Convert's Fresh Enthusiasm.



**Frog**



# The Bear.



# The Bear.

THE Bear is not a Seemly Brute,  
He lives on Berries, Nuts, and Fruit,  
Although on Children he will Feed  
When he is very Cross indeed.  
An Ancient Tale may be Recalled,  
How once a Prophet, Old and Bald,  
Was by Irreverent Children mocked,  
Whereat Two She Bears were so Shocked,  
They fell upon those Children Rude,  
And ate up all the Naughty Brood.

## MORAL.

The Moral is avoid always  
A Prophet on his Busy Day.





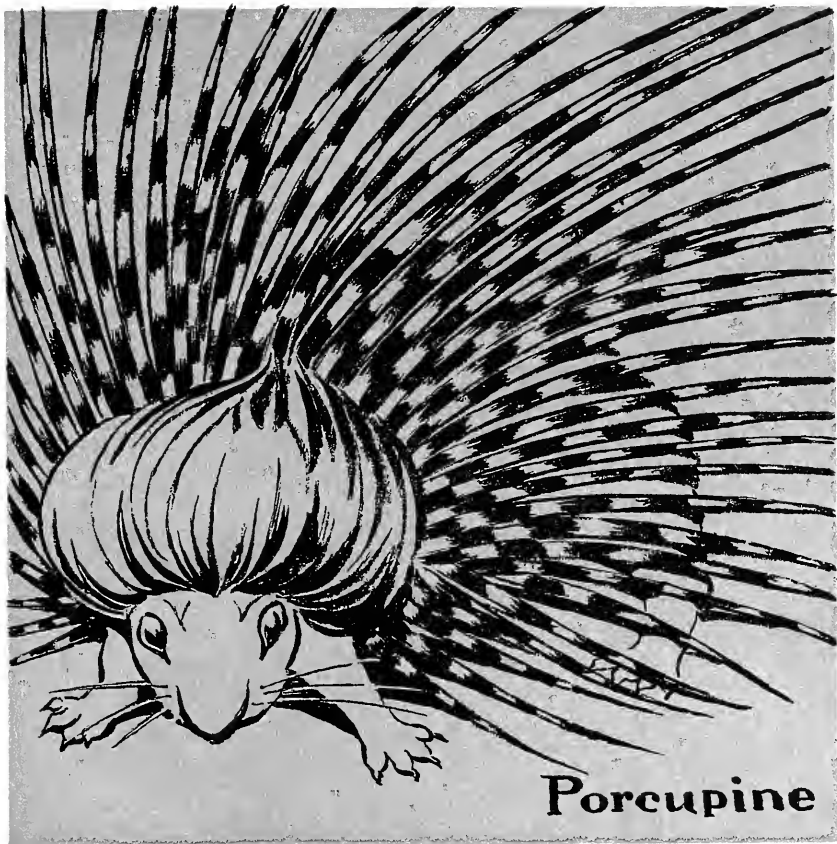


# The Porcupine.



# The Porcupine.

I LIKE the Fretful Porcupine—  
Deception is not in his line.  
With him there is no Makebelieve,  
He wears his Thorns upon his sleeve.  
Unlike some Human Porcupines  
Who carefully Conceal their Spines,  
His Bad Points stick out everywhere.  
'Tis true he's Fretful as a Bear,  
And Vainer than a Popinjay,  
Yet has he One Redeeming Trait  
That to my heart endears him quite :  
Though full of Quills, *he does not write.*





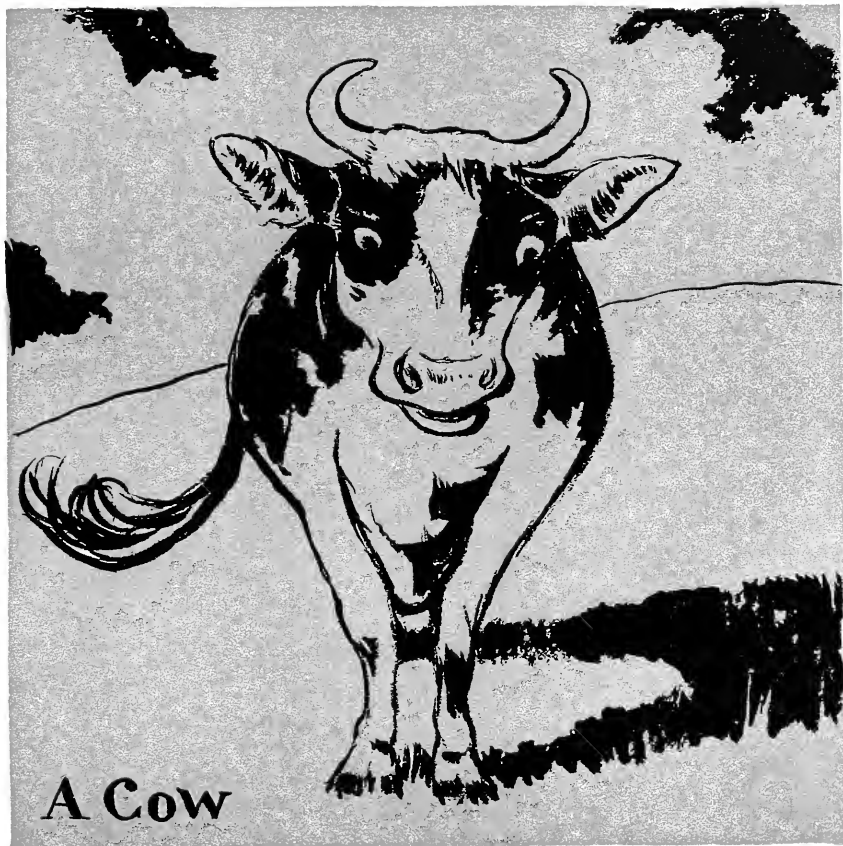
# The Cow.



# The Cow.

THE Cow is too well known, I fear,  
To need an introduction here.  
If She should vanish from Earth's face  
It would be Hard to fill Her place ;  
For with the Cow would disappear  
So much that every one holds Dear.  
Oh, think of all the Boots and Shoes,  
Milk Punches, Gladstone Bags, and Stews  
And Things too Numerous to Count  
Of which my Child She is the Fount !  
Let's hope, at least, the Fount may last  
Until *Our* Generation's past !







# The Do-Do.



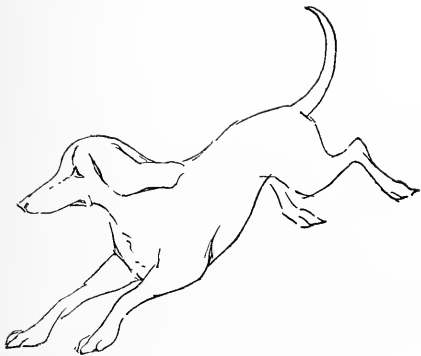
# The Do-Do.

THIS Pleasing Bird, I grieve to own  
Is now Extinct. His Soul has Flown  
To Parts Unknown, beyond the Styx  
To Join the Archœopteryx.  
What Strange, Inexplicable Whim  
Of Fate, was it to banish him?  
When Every Day the numbers swell  
Of Creatures we could spare so well:  
Insects that Bite, and snakes that sting,  
And many another Noxious Thing.  
All these, my Child, had I my Say,  
Should be Extinct this very Day.  
Then would I send a Special Train  
To bring the Do-do back again.





# The Dachshund.



# The Dachshund.

## PART I.

THE Dachshund is the Longest Dog  
In the whole Canine Catalog.  
He is so Long—to show him Here  
He must in *Serial Parts* appear.  
This is *Part One*—Observe his Air  
Of Lack-a-daisi-cal Despair.  
I fear he finds it does not Pay  
To wag a Tail so Far Away,  
He is so very Long and Low.  
And yet he was not always so.  
The Dachshund once was Tall and Fleet  
As any Dog you'd wish to meet.  
Alas! He met a Fearful Fate.  
One Day—but we anticipate.

*Continued.*





Dachshund 1.



# The Dachshund.



# The Dachshund.

## PART II.

AND now, Dear Reader, we must go  
Back some Six Thousand Years or So  
To Eden's Lovely Garden, where  
With an Historic Happy Pair  
Lived the First Dachshund, Tall and Proud.  
The Sign that reads "*No Dogs Allowed*"  
Hung not in Eden's Garden Bright.  
And all was Joyous, till One Night  
The Faithful Dog awoke in Dread,  
To find the Happy Pair had fled.  
Madly he searched the Garden round  
But not a Trace of them he found,  
When Suddenly he saw a Sight  
That made him Howl with Grief and Fright.

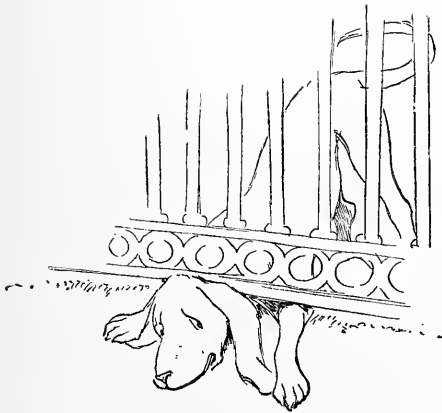
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**Dachshund.II.**



# The Dachshund.



# The Dachshund.

## PART III.

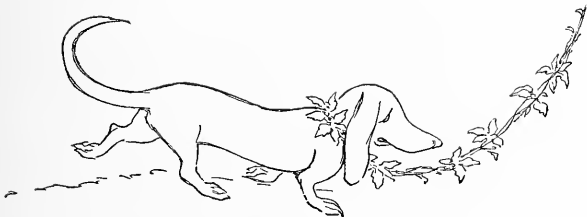
HE saw, with mingled Grief and Fear,  
His Master and his Mistress Dear,  
Thrust through the quickly closing Gate.  
He sprang to join them, but too late!  
In vain he tried to leap the Wall;  
Only one Hope was left, to Crawl  
Beneath the Gate. It happened here,  
By just an inch or two, to clear  
The ground. With Supercanine strength  
He Squirmed and Squeezed, until at length,  
When half way through,—unhappy luck!—  
He could not move—in short, was stuck.  
Here we must leave him to pursue  
The fortunes of the Other Two. *Continued.*







# The Dachshund.

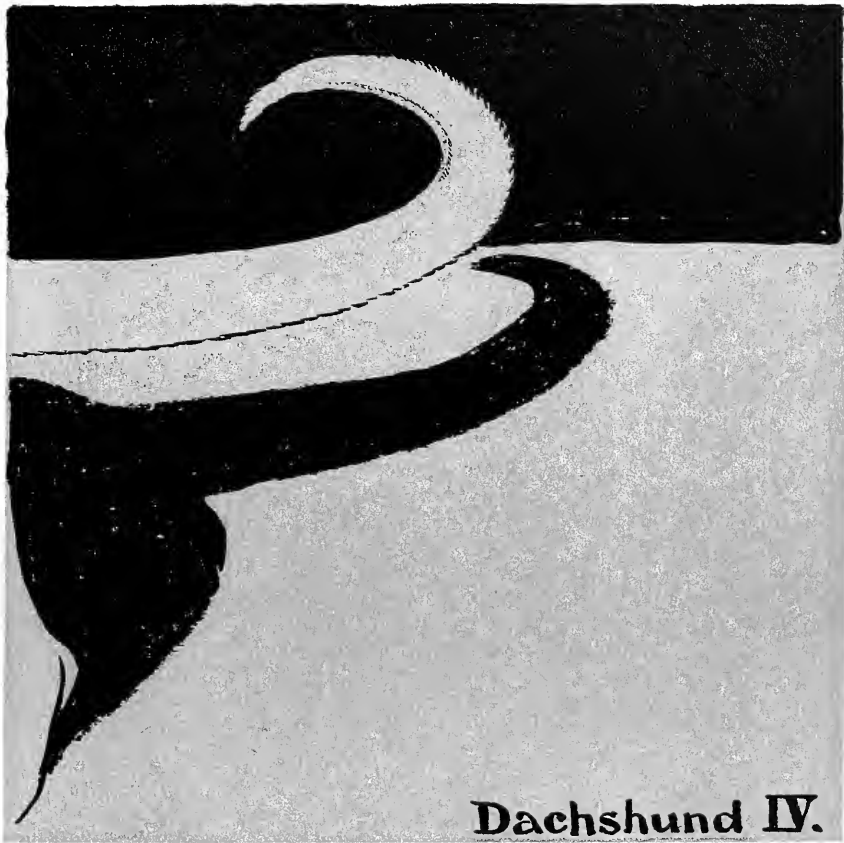


# The Dachshund.

PART IV.

UNHAPPY Pair! Left to their Fate  
In a Strange World, Outside the Gate  
Without a single Friend; but hark!  
What is that dear familiar Bark?  
They pause a moment in their Flight  
And see their Faithful Doggie's plight.  
With willing Hands, and Patience too,  
At last they pull him safely through.  
But Oh, the Difference! No more  
The Tall and shapely Hound of Yore—  
This Strange, Flat Dog with Crumpled Feet.  
But let us draw a veil discreet  
Upon that meeting . . . Now we know  
Why the Dachshund is Long and Low.

(THE END.)



**Dachshund IV.**















